What will it come to? Or, A Great-Do *at* Westminster.

K. 15.

ABOUT 4 days ago, I was accidentally and agreeably entertain'd with a Poem, Intituled, *All Men Mad; or England a great Bedlam*; 'Tis possible the World might be mad enough at the time when 'twas wrote; but if the Author was not one of *Lacy*'s or *Buckley*'s, Disciples, and Prophesied of the time present, I dare be hang'd as high as *Paul*'s Cupilo; or make my self a doleful Companion, with the *Dragon*, upon *Bow-Steeple*. I had no sooner laid it out of my hand, but I was possess'd with such Ideas of Confusion and Madness, that I had neither Power nor Patience to keep in my Chamber; but without considering what business I had abroad, or whither I was going? went directly toward *Bedlam*, and was got to the Rails in *Moor-fields*, before I knew well where I was: I recollected my self, however, that I had no business at this melancholy Colledge; unless it were to peep in an see if the Inhabitants were really as Brainsick as their universal Brethren abroad, which Curiosity, truly, I did satisfy; but could not easily determine with my self, but that they were actually the more Sober and Orderly People of the two. I took occasion to ask one of the Students, who was writing with a piece of Charcoal on the Wall, what Noble Inscription he was Adorning the Walls of his Appartment withal? He told me, that he was sketching the out Lines of Dr. *Sacheverl*'s Effigies, from the Print of the *Pope and the Devil*; and added, that in a little time he design'd to write a true Answer to his Sermon, and dedicate it to a Great B——p, in hopes of Preferment. Bless me, thought I, is the Noise of the Doctor crept into these solitary Mansions! It will surely spread into the most remote Corners of the Earth; for in *Smithfield*, a day or two before, I had overheard a very pathetical Discourse between a *Welsh Drover*, and a *Carter*, that stood with his Load of Hay to sell; and they learnedly agreed, that the Scaffold was building at *Westminster-Hall*; but whether he wou'd be Beheaded or Hang'd, they could not tell.

The same Night, I met with an Attorney of my Acquaintance, and going to take a Glass with him, he told me, talking of Dr. *Sacheverel*, (for 'tis the general Subject of every Company) that he had an Excellent Cause depending at *Westminster* next Term, between a *Mercer*, who was his Client, and a Country *Parson*, who had quarrell'd, and were going to Law Pell Mell, about *Sacheverel*: I laugh'd at the Conceit, and ask'd him if he were really in Earnest? In Earnest! says he; Why I know at this time of 25 Law Suits, 18 Indictments in the *Crown Office*, and 10 *Assaults and Batteries* sworn against one another at *Hicks's Hall*, for Broken Heads and Shins in the Doctor's Cause; some for, and some against him. Nay, he said, he actually knew a Man and his Wife, that, after a very fierce Combat about him, had agreed to part Housshold-stuff, resolving never to come together again; where it is observable (says he) the Woman stood up in the Doctor's Behalf. I had no sooner parted with my Friend, but I heard the Boys in the Street talking of Dr. *Sacheverel*'s Tryal; and observ'd a *Cobler* that was seriously amusing himself with the Articles of Impeachment.

Bless me! Thought I, *What will it come to*? Has this Fellow a Stomach to Politicks, that Eats but one good Meal a Week? Well may those whom Intereſt, Ease, or Luxury inspires, be excus'd; Well may our Coffee-House Statese-men be Repriev'd from the Whipping-Post, and have a favourable Censure past upon them, if the Wretch whom Drudging and Poverty should keep in Awe, cannot contain his Genius from aspiring at the Knowledge of Grand and Critical Affairs: But I was best surpriz'd, when I understood at the next Alehouse, that he was a violent *Tory*, and a very learned Disputant in the Dr's. Cause; a subtle Fellow, and a true Churchman; and not so poor, but he had bestow'd the Price of Soling a Pair of Shoes upon the Doctor's Picture in Metzatinto. For Humours sake, I prevail'd with the Man of the House to procure me the Honour of his Conversation; and really I found the Man had something very extraordinary in him; he would have discoursed me upon unlimited Obedience, Conformity, and many other Subjects of State, but I was conscious of my own Capacity, and durst not enter into Debate with him. However, I could not defend my self from being entangled in one very poinant Question, *viz. What I thought the* P——t *would do with the Dr*? I told him, I was wholly unacquainted with the Reasons of State that made it requisite to call him to Account, and therefore my Opinion led me to judge rather by the Necessity of Punishing, than the Nature of the Offence; but if we might guess at what they would do, by what they had done, it was no hard Matter to determine they would punish him in some Exemplary Manner.

How! Punish him? says he, I hope I shall see him a Bishop? It may may be so, Friend, says I, but 'tis at present very unlikely. Taking leave of the Cobler, I went to *Westminster* to see the solemn Preparations for the Doctor's Tryal, here I found a vast Concourse of People, among whom, there was not a Chairman, or Coachman, but could unravel the Doctor's Doom in a very Essential and Philosophical Speech, and concisely tell you, without staying for the Judgment of the H—se of L—ds, *What it will come to.*